

New Year's Eve by [vanishingbyler](#)

Series: [A Very Byler Christmas \(2017\)](#) [17]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Future AU, M/M, New Year's Eve, New Year's Kiss, Set in 1988/89

Language: English

Characters: Eleven, Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Mike Wheeler, Original Male Character(s), Will Byers

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Original Male Character(s), Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

As the voices on the TV counted down to 1989, Mike stared into Will's eyes. This was it.

New Year's Eve

Author's Note:

lmao what happened to this series amirite

long story short i had a mental breakdown and christmas got in the way and i had like a million hospital appointments

but its all good bc i should hopefully be posting at least once a week next year

anygay, enjoy this shit i wrote in october lmao

Mike's heart was racing. Truly racing, more than it ever had in his life. Because here he was, less than a minute from when the clock would declare it 1989, and he was stood in the Byers family's living room staring into Will's eyes.

Hopper and Joyce were on the couch, Joyce curled up in his lap occasionally stealing drags of his cigarette (she claimed it was to help him quit, but really she just missed having her own cigs to smoke) and kissing him on the cheek every few minutes to remind him that she loved him. Jonathan was in the next room, pouring drinks and chatting lovingly with his boyfriend that he met at college. Mike felt his heart warm every time Jonathan laughed at one of Nick's dumb jokes, because he deserved the happiness after all the shit in his life. Jane was in her room, not really interested in the festivities- she didn't see the point in celebrating the year changing when, in reality, nothing else was really any different. Nobody minded it. She'd been that way since she first moved in with Hopper, and living with the Byers' didn't change that.

The TV was loud, Mike knew, but it sounded muffled to him when all he could hear were his own thoughts screaming "*Holy fuck! Holy*

fuck! Will's eyes are so sparkly! Will looks so happy! Will's family see you as one of their own!"

He didn't bother to think of the reason he was here. He let his parents' ceaseless arguing, and the fact Nancy now refused to spend the holidays at home, slip from his mind. He was with the Byers-Hopper clan, in the Byers house, with Will frickin' Byers, on New Year's Eve. New Year's Eve, where it's tradition to kiss the nearest person to you. And since Hopper and Joyce would be kissing, as would Nick and Jonathan, the only person left in the room was W *ill*.

The tinny voices on the television started counting down.

Ten!

Will grinned sheepishly at him.

Nine!

Mike took the smallest step closer.

Eight!

Nick and Jonathan re-entered the room, holding each other's hands like lifelines.

Seven!

Joyce shot the boys a loving, encouraging glance.

Six!

Mike took a deep breath, steadying himself.

Five!

Lucas's voice from the other day replayed in Mike's head, "Just go for it. It's obvious he likes you back."

Four!

Will stepped even closer, bridging the gap between them.

Three!

Everyone stared into their partners' eyes, ready for what was about to happen.

Two!

Both of the younger boys in the room inhaled, looking each other dead in the eyes.

One!

The people on tv got ready to cheer, and mike got ready to change his life.

Zero! happy new year!

The boys collided, a little clumsily at first, initiating a kiss that felt like it should have happened forever ago. The cheesy trope that fireworks erupt turned out to be true, and not just because of the celebrations outside. Everything in the universe seemed to fall into place because Will Byers, the boy he'd been crushing on since sixth fucking grade, was *kissing him* to welcome in the new year. Six years of hopeless crushing felt meaningful because Will kissed *first*.

Mike couldn't help but think of every moment in his life that will had made better. The first day of kindergarten, where his fear of having no friends dissipated within minutes. The birthday party where everyone in the class had got sick over the week before, and Will was the only one that came. The Christmas concert where Mike had been forced to play a tree instead of Joseph because, quote, "*Joseph has to be able to dance, Michael. Maybe swaying like a tree is more your thing*" , but Will played the bush that sat at Mike's feet and whispered jokes and words of encouragement every time the main cast burst into song and the audience couldn't hear. The art class when Mike had become so frustrated trying to make his egg look realistic that he accidentally stabbed a pencil through his hand, and Will walked him to the nurse

and sat with him even though he'd been looking forward to the painting lesson all week. The first day of high school when Holly had helpfully decided to pour yoghurt all over his shirt in the car, and Will let Mike borrow his sweater all day, despite the cold weather. The day Nancy and Jonathan left for college, and Will took him to Castle Byers to hang out so neither of them had to dwell on how empty their houses felt. The sleepover where Mike was so plagued by nightmares of seeing Will possessed that the two of them sat and talked quietly to each other for hours on end while Lucas and Dustin slept.

In fact, it would've been harder to think of moments Will hadn't improved with his presence.

After seconds that felt like years, they broke the kiss and went back to staring into each other's eyes, awestruck that they'd *actually* kissed after so long of hoping it would happen.

If 1989 continued the way it began, Mike was pretty sure it'd be the best year of his life to date.